1753

By special COMMAND.

For the Benefit of EUTOPIA.

Now in Rehearsal and will be perform'd, at the

GREAT BOOTH

In PALESTINE.

On *Monday* the 26th of *November*, 1753.

A TRAGI-COMI-FARCICAL ENTERTAINMENT, (not acted but once, these twenty Years,) call'd,

COURT AND NO COUNTRY;

With the Humours of

ROGER DE COVERLY.

All the Parts will be dispos'd of to the best Advantage, with entire New Dresses, all of ——*IRISH MANUFACTURE.*—— and other Decorations, suitable to the PLAY.

To which will be added a *PANTOMIME* Enterment, call'd, The

GROANS of the BARRACKS:

Or, The Confusion of

Sir *ARTHUR VANITYPF.*

The Celebrated DUTCH ARCHITECT,

(being the last Time of his performing there,)

With several Pieces of Machinery, Scenery, Sinkings, Flyings, Bowings, Cringings, entirely New in this Kingdom.

The Dead Man brought to Life; or, *D*—— in a Cradle.

The principal Characters in the Play, will be Printed in the Bills the Day of Performance.

Places, *Pensions* and *Promises*, to be had at *Caiphas*'s in *H—Street*, or at *Priarius*'s Office in the C——e Yard, on the Days of Rehearsal.

N. B. If they are not Bespoke before the Day of Performance, they will be all Engaged

VIVAT REX.

1753

BRITISH MUSEUM

Court and no *Country*.

A SERI-TRAGI-COMI-FARCICAL

ENTERTAINMENT,

(Not Acted but once, these Twenty Years.)

Wherein are occasionally Exhibitted, the

Groans of the Barracks.

Or, the HISTORY of

Sir *Arthur Vantrype*, K

With the HUMOURS of his

Belov'd Rival *JACK*,

CORRIGIDORE, and INSPECTOR-GENERAL over all the FABRICATORS of the Kingdom of *EUTOPIA*.

By the AUTHOR of the *Groans* of *Ireland*, and the DUBLIN *Speculist*.

LONDON:

Printed next Door to the Sign of the Church, with *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* in the Pulpit. 1753.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

DEDICATION

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Earl of *KILDARE.*

My Lord,

THE high Veneration I have for your LORDSHIP, on Account of your noble and diſintereſted Diſpoſition to ſerve a Country to which your diſtinguiſh'd Patriot Worth is ſo great an Honour, induc'd me to lay this ſmall Offering at your Feet.

The Office of eſpouſing the Cauſe of your Country, ſeems naturally reſerv'd for you, ſince *leſs Virtue, Loyalty, Honour and Reſolution* would dread the advent'rous Task, and figure Conſequences you were not ſuperſtitious enough to foreſee.

He who has Nothing to *Dread*, nor nothing to *Ask*, is the fitteſt Perſon to be the Guardian of national

national Liberty, and may Fortune and your own good Conduct my Lord, always preſerve you in a Station ſuperior to the Envy and Malevolence of the moſt potent Enemies to your Country.

If we look into ancient Hiſtory, we will find the Actions of a great Man in Behalf of his Country, gave ſuch Offence to Power, that he was ingloriouſly proſcrib'd, and was not *Rome* indebted to Him afterwards for reſcuing her from Ruin.

In Peace or War my Lord, if Enterprizes are to be judg'd by their Events, all gen'rous *Adventurers* would decline the Intereſts of their Country, when they apprehended their want of Succeſs, muſt render them obnoxious to the ſupercilious Cenſure of the State.

Let the Annals of your Country be explor'd, and the Principles upon which you acted diſpaſſionately ſtated, and I'm confident my Lord your Enemies will not find a Preſident of a more *glorious* and *magnanimous Undertaking*.

To enlarge upon your Lordſhip's Family and Principles, would be as endleſs as unneceſſary, ſince our Hiſtories are ſo pregnant of the former, and your Lordſhip ſo illuſtrious for the latter, and to ſay any Thing further in your Favour, would be the higheſt Plagiary, ſince the grateful Voices of your Country, are inceſſantly paying you that Honour, which your Patriotiſm ſo juſtly Merits.

The

DEDICATION.

The Dictates of your Lordships gen'rous Heart, prove the livelieſt Demonſtration of your inimitable Virtues.

'*I ſhould look upon myſelf as wanting in my* '*Duty and Attachment to your M——y's Perſon* '*and Love to my Country.**

If any Malevolent Stateſman inſinuates, that the Author of this Piece, or any of his Works were known to your Lordſhip, Prior to this Dedication, his Aſſertion is as falſe as his Heart is Corrupt. And whatever Cenſures my want of Abilities, in *Drama* may Subject me to, I intirely diſregard, being proud of any Opportunity of publickly declaring to the World, how much I am, My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt humble,

Obedient,

Grateful,

and devoted Servant,

The AUTHOR.

* The E. K——e's M——l.

PROLOGUE

By the AUTHOR.

OUR Author with more Zeal than Judgment Sings,
The Counter-Plot *that from great* CAIPHAS *Springs,*
To open View he fondly Vies to draw,
The Quinteſſence, and Spirit of our Law;
And ſays, that Subjects are no longer Wiſe
Than they decry a JUDAS *in Diſguiſe,*
Whoſe Pow'r would graſp at univerſal Sway,
And make a Nation paſſively Obey,
Th' unſated Pride, of an Ambitious MIND,
Devoted to the Jobbs *of* Stateſman-kind,
While he, th' affected MOSES *of the Land,*
Still Scares the Nation with terrific Wand,
Their Freedom Saps, and Liberty Proclaims,
The Dotard's *Darling, and th' Effects of* Dreams.
On lofty Pinnacle of Pow'r he's plac'd,
With Courtly Smiles, *and* Pageant Honours grac'd,
Yet inſufficient thoſe great Honours prove,
Till ev'ry Engine of the State ſhall move,
On Hinges *Oyl'd by a* Politic Tribe,
Rais'd by Corruption, and a guilded Bribe;

Whe-

PROLOGUE.

Who Laugh at Liberty, and all her Sons,
Eluding Justice, and their pressing Dunns.

His Portrait shews, that Wealth, and Pow'r, and Place,
Deprave the Passions, and the Mind debase,
Yet shews like * MEANWELL, *how divinely great,*
Are those who guard the Freedoms of the State.
When Pow'r is lodg'd in Caitiff-Church-Mens hand,
The Virus *soon Imbroils a guiltless Land,*
But when fair Liberty her Sons inspire,
Our Freedom *ne'er, but with our Breath,* expire.

* E. K——E.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DAGON, an Old Dotard, miſled by *Priarius.*

PRIARIUS, an Imperious deſigning Youth, planning the Deſtruction of a Country to raiſe his Fortune.

CAIPHAS, a Creature of *Dagons.*

PRESTO, a Juggler.

JOHN, *Preſto's* Son.

PERRYPETTO, a Temporizing babling Solicitor.

EQUITY, an Officer of State.

GANYMEDE, an Abandon'd Slave to *Priarius.*

TRIP, a Servant to *Priarius.*

Lord MEANWELL, a Friend to *Eutopia.*

ROGER DE COVERLY, an Honeſt Patriot,

TONY the Serjeant, a Brave *Patrician,*

RICHARD, a Sweater.

And JACK, the *Corrigidore*, any Man's Man for a Purſe and a Dinner.

Court and no *Country*.

A SERI-COMI-TRAGI-FARCICAL

ENTERTAINMENT,

(Not Acted but once, these Twenty Years, *&c. &c.*

ACT. I. SCENE I.

The Junto *Chamber*, near the old *Exchange*.

PRIARIUS, Solus *in a deep Soliloquy.*

Pri. WHAT then avail the Glories I have won,
And all my *Herculean* Toils,
In the dread Field of *Mars*,
Where he sat gnashing Horror in his dire Carr,
And view'd my Prowess midst the scarlot Tribe,
Assembl'd there, when I rush'd foremost

And

And engaged the Foe, returning Victor like
great *Thetis* Son,
And animating all my Friends to War.
Say then ye Gods,
Shall I who in the Senate bore terrific Sway,
And *Cæsar*-like who ſpoke as well as fought,
Be vanquiſh'd now, and all my Schemes o'er
turn'd
By Bravoes of a State,
A State, that lives or dies, by Smiles or Frowns,
From him who deign'd me Tribune in his Hoſt?
How comes then Liberty this darling Theme of
thoſe
Who ſhould have neither Thought nor Will,
But all ſubſervient to the mighty FIAT,
Of Power the licenc'd BASHAW of the Land.

Enter Caiphas.

Caiap. What, all alone my Lord?
Big with Importance, and thy Maſter's Cares.
To you I owe my Fortune and my Place,
Thy friendly Smiles firſt rais'd me from th' ob-
ſcure Degrees of Men,
And dignify'd me in a vanquiſhd Land,
Whoſe Sons with ſervile Court, made me the I-
dol of their fond Applauſe;
My Court was open to the youthful Fry,
I enter'd into all their boyiſh Sports,
And Sciſted every Secret from their Breaſts.
But, ah my Lord! one mortal Foe to you and
me,
Threatens to blaſt the Intereſt I have made.
To your ſuperior Judgment I reſign,
Th' Execution of th' important Charge,
For you the noble Task reſerv'd has been,
Nor yet too arduous will, I hope be found.
My Powers united ſhall my Lord be thine,
And all the Bleſſings that your Hand beſtow'd,
I fondly will expend

To

To make your Mandates current through the Land.

Pri. Thy grateful Proteſtations I my Lord
Have not the leaſt Occaſion now to doubt,
And all the Schemes I labour to effect,
Tend to the Honour and Int'reſt of my Friends.
And in thy Hands, I gladly ſhall commit
The Regency of thoſe proud ſtubborn Slaves,
Their Honours and Preferments you ſhall deal
To thoſe who'll ride in Triumph o'er the Land,
And ſpurn all Foes to our victorious Pow'r.
Their boaſted *Senate* ſhall no more
Protect the fancy'd Laws and Freedoms of this Iſle,
When to a Court ſuperior they apply,
Betray'd by venal wretches of their own,
Whom for Int'reſt ſake we'll digniſy,
And trammel their baſe Souls with courtly Smiles,
And tranſient Honours of a guilded Place.
Then for our Pains, and thrice illuſtrious Toils,
Say to what Dignity will our great Maſter raiſe Us?

Caip. To me my Lord no greater Favours can be ſhewn,
Than you already have propos'd.
And all my Intereſt ſhall combine,
To raiſe your Lordſhip to that Height,
Where your great Soul would in true Luſtre ſhine.
On us the Eyes of our Dependents wait,
And on our Conqueſt pin their future Fate,
This bold Attempt, Eutopia ſinks, or ſaves,
Proclaims *them Heroes, or decrees them* Slaves.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter PRESTO, JOHN and PERRYPETTO.

Preſto. Come hither *John* and hearken to the Dictates of an aged Seer,
I who in Policy am now grown old,
Some uſeful Maxims will impart,
To which if you're attentive,
You'll riſe to equal Honours with your Farher.

John. Gad my Lord, I know not what this Party means,
Or whence this ſtrugl'd Graſp at Power,
Is not my Country worthy of my Care,
And ſhall I risk the good Opinion of the Land,
Where I have ſo much Friendſhip made?
Power with inquietude of Mind,
With me cannot go down
What you'd be at I know full well,
Your Letters not long ſince perus'd by me,
Diſturb'd my Quiet for ſome Hours,
What is Honour, to the Eſteem of my Country?
And curſed be all Preferments obtained at the Expence of an injur'd Nation.

Preſt. Thou ſilly Dog, who put this Romance in your Head? They were never Documents taught by me, I came into the World Sarrah depending upon a ſmall Patrimony, and you ſee you Dog what a Fortune I have acquir'd.

You muſt conſider, thoſe who call themſelves Patriots to be the Sons of Tumult, who have no *Birth-right* but Mutiny, they are now in the Fever of their Blood, this is their Holyday of Faction. What are they but *Pageants of Wax, the Fermentation of the Populace, and paultry Idols of the Mob.*

When

When our Maſter is not obey'd, the Shock ſhould overthrow thoſe affected Sons of Liberty, we ſhould be Lords of Licence, weighing the Diſtreſſes of inferior Mortals with airy Goſſomer.* while on their Ruins we could raiſe accumulated Fortunes.

John. Which was it *Plato* or *Ariſtotle* that put thoſe pious Precepts in your Head my Lord. Tho' you may diſpair to be Canoniz'd by your Country, is that a Reaſon I ſhould betray it, and gain the Curſes of the People on my devoted Head.

Name me one good Man in Hiſtory that authorizes your Maxims, and the Diſtreſſes of my Country ſhall ſit as light on me, as they do on you.

Preſt. Don't you know you Dog, Charity begins at Home.

John. A Devil of a Preacher art thou. (*Aſide.* Yes Sir, but your Application ſeems very prepoſterous, I am not to give to others, what I have an indiſpenſible Occaſion for myſelf, let their Diſtreſſes be what they will, but it does not follow, that to raiſe my Fortune, I am to have an Hand in my Country's Ruin.

Will-doing Potentates, and Officers of Rapine, ſhould never induce me to make the Miſery of my Country the Sport of a Gale of Intereſt: He who builds his Fortune on the Favours of a Tyrannical Ruler, ſhares in the Iniquity of the Donor. In ſerious Truth Father, could you ſee a venal Crowd, who neither love nor like our Country monopolize the Fountains of our Honours and Preferments, and ungenerouſly ſhare in the Spoil? You may as well command me to permit the Nation to be lay'd Waſte, as Subject it to the Power and Conduct of the *Sons* of *Violation.* The Groans of my Country

Was

* The Seed of the Thiſtle.

was Muſick I never delighted in, and let it pleaſe whom it will, it is intolerable to me.

Preſto. Thou art an impertinent ill-judging Puppy, and will never be worth a Groat, while you retain ſuch quixotic Principles. What is Liberty Sarrah? But a Power of making a Fortune, and keeping it,

John, It is true Father, that is one Branch of Liberty, but your Doctrine would ſecure no Man's Property but your own, and your earthly Creator's. But Liberty is more: It is the choiceſt Prerogative of Heav'n, the true Bond of Law, the Soul and Eſſence of Property, the breath of Reaſon, the Quinteſſence of Life, and all that is valuable under Heav'n. For her the Valuant bleed, and would venture their Lives and Fortune.

Preſto. Why John, you're ſurely Mad, ſome miſchievous Patriot, has certainly bewitched you to ſuck in thoſe Doctrines ſo pernicious to your Honour and Intereſt. Power Boy, is the *Stateſman's Quarry*, and ſhould be the Object of our Search and Science. It is by Power, We lord it over venal Senates, and raiſe ourſelves to diſtinguiſh'd Honours. It is Power that ſupplies the Luxury of unruly Appetites, that brings the blooming Virgin to our Arms, and furniſhes all Delights the Earth produces in the gayeſt prodigality of Nature.

Patriots are fallible as well as other Men, the warm Sunſhine of Court favours, relaxes the Fervour of their Spirit, and ſilences thoſe *Sons of Clamour*. No Man is a Patriot when once he is in Debt to the Court.

When I was depending on a puny Fortune, I was a great Patriot. I could cry my Heart bleeds for my Country, and tho' I was no Speecher could make the Court party uneaſy with my Groans, when in reality, I only wanted

to be ſilenc'd advantageouſly. If you have a Mind to be a great Man, you muſt bear the Diſtreſſes of your Country with Chriſtian Patience. The only Way is always to be on the right Side, by handling Bags, ſome of the Meal will ſtick to your Fingers. You have Paſſions and Appetites you Dog, ſuperior to your Income, a miniſterial Fortune would be little enough to anſwer your Extravagance, and if you decline making Hay while the Sun ſhines, you may expect never to get a Groat from me. Catch Time by the Fore-lock, if you neglect this Opportunity, you may never meet the like again.

John. I ſee it is vain in any Man to boaſt his Strength till Intereſt has made a Tryal on his Virtue. An Hour ago had I a thouſand Parents, and equally bound in Duty to them all, I ſhould hazard their Diſpleaſure ſooner than give my Voice to the Injury of my Country, but now the Weight of Intereſt ſubdues my Patriot Breaſt, tho' Truth and Reaſon tell me, that *hoary Sire* of mine, ſhould rather direct my unwary Steps in Paths of Virtue, than ſeduce me to corruption, *(Aſide.*

Preſto. What is this Fellow muttering.

John. I am ruminating Sir, upon what you were ſaying to me, and as you are my Parent, and conſequently would adviſe me for the better, I am reſolved to follow your Steps, for now I plainly ſee my Error.

Preſto. Bleſſings on you my Boy, now you ſpeak like a Man that had ſome Luck on his Side. Here are ſome Bills for you, to give your Equipage an Air of Conſequence at Court. Stick to your Friend *Caiphas*, he is a great and living Example before you, ſee what he is come to, which no one ever expected. I love that good Man for his Luck, and Gratitude for thoſe that

that made him: What would not he do now for the Court?

John. Any thing I believe. [*Aside.*

Presto. Never Notice the Complaints of those who can neither Prejudice nor Serve you.

Perrypetto. My Lord, I congratulate your Son on his Reformation, he now may join a Powerful Party, whose very Breath can raise him to the highest Honours, and only you went on so well, I would have given an helping Hand to open Friend *John*'s Eyes, and make him think as little of his Country as I do.

When I left the University my Lord, I went to Study Law, I came Home big with my Knowledge in that Province, however, I found a Fortune was not to be made at the Bar as soon as I could Wish, and, upon a Vacancy for the County where I liv'd in, I went Home, and Swore bloodily to all the Neighbourhood that if they would Elect me, I would never betray the Trust they repos'd in me, with a great deal of Common-Place Trash of this Sort. Upon the Presumption of this, they made me large Promises, I made large Entertainments, and at the Expence of Five hundred Pounds, I was duly Elected, as they Call it. As I bought the Election at so dear a Rate, I thought I had a Right to bring my Voters to the best Market: To Town I came, there were great Matters going on, I Sup'd with the *Junto*, took the Country Side, and shew'd them I might be a formidable Enemy in the House: At the same Time I did not forget to tell how much the Borough Cost me, the *Junto* said it was a Pity I should be out of Pocket, and in a Jerk, all my Wounds were Heald, and the next Day, I Bellow'd in the House like a *Roman Senator*, had I been on my Country's Side.

In

In ſhort my Lord, I was Careſs'd by Men in Power, I grew Popular, Penſions, Places, and Preferments lay at my Feet, in one Winter I ſerv'd ſeveral of my Country-men, (*i. e.* my Relations,) and made elaborate Speeches againſt all the Reſt, and I Hope, the next Sitting to Diſlocate that damn'd Rival of my Fame, *Tony* the Serjeant, who made ſo little of me the firſt Sitting.

Preſto. There, you Dog, ſee that Hopeful Young Gentleman, he does not act upon the Antipodes of his Reaſon, he has all his Eye-Teeth about him, and knows which Side of his Bread the Butter is on. Have Courage *John*, I Hope to ſee you a Great Man yet, going to the Senate with your Coachman's Hat off, and your Servants Bare-headed at each Side of your Coach: You have Poor Relations, you Dog, and if ever you get into the *Chair*, you may Provide for them all: You are a Well-looking Fellow, and Mr. *Perrypetto*, if once he gets into Commiſſion, I don't fear the Dog, but he'll make the Moſt of it, he knows how to give a Dinner and a Bottle as well as any Sports-man of them all, I wiſh Sir, he was under your Pupilage for ſome Time, indeed, if I can be of any Service to you, you may Command me, and if my Agency is worth your Acceptance, draw up a Letter of Attorney as ſoon as you Pleaſe: If *John* be Aſſiduous, and that I ſee any of his Speeches in the *Eutopian* Magazines, I will Honour his Draughts, till he gets Acceſs to the Tr—r—y.

John. My Lord, both for my own Intereſt, and your Satisfaction, I will drive thro' Thick and Thin, to raiſe my Fortune. Court Honours are like Gold Rings in a Bog Houſe, one muſt go thro' ſome Dirt to get at them, but when they

are obtain'd, they look as Brilliant, as if they came out of a Band-Box.

Preſto. Adieu, my Boy, you're nothing the Worſe for your Father's Bleſſing. (*Clapping his Hand on his Head*) [Exit *Preſto.*

John. Mr. *Perrypetto*, in real Truth, what do you think of my Father.

Perrypetto. Why Sir, that he is a Wiſe Man, and knows the World very well.

John. Aye, but Sir do you think, is he a good Man?

Perrypetto. Indiſputably Sir, I aſſure you I am of his Principles to an Hair, and the World ſay I'm no Fool.

John. But a Knave you may be. [*Aſide.*

Mr. *Perrypetto*, ſee who comes, here's Pretty *Ganymede*, wiſh to Heav'n he was Metamorphos'd into a Girl, then by Gad I wou'd Cuckol Some-body, but thoſe *Ganymedes* love Divinity, becauſe the firſt of the Family was Bred among the Gods.

Ganymede. Gentlemen your Servant, Lord *Priarius* waits for you at the Green Room, Lord *Preſto* has been there, and told the *Junto* the Reformation he had wrought upon you, Mr. *John.*

John. That's my Pretty Boy, go before us, we'll follow. [*Sings.*

SONG.

When Intereſt Commands, the Vot'ry muſt Obey,
With a Fol, Lol, &c.

For tell me who withſtands, Dame Fortune's Golden Sway,
With a Fol, Lol, &c.

Tho'

Tho' much our Patriots Boaſt, of Liberty, and Laws,
For Tit Bits *at the Court, they Reſign their Country's Cauſe.*
With a Fol, Lol, &c.

ACT II.

SCENE *Changes to the* Green Room.

Enter Dagon, Priarius, Caiphas, John, Perrypetto, *Sir* Arthur, *and* Ganymede.

Dagon. MY Truſty Friends, we now are Met on th' Important Buſineſs of the Nation, let us diſcharge our Selves like Men. Thrice Seven Years elaps'd, ſince I a Tryal made on *Eutopian* Virtue. I went between the Blood and Skin, ſo near was I the Mark, till one unlucky *HORSE-MAN* came, accouter'd as he was, and with one Blaſt of Patriot Breath, o'er-turn'd my tow'ring Proſpects to the Ground. Now, if I ſhould again Miſcarry, my Name would be obnoxious to the Land.

Pri. My Lord, the Poor Reſentment of a Petty State, you View with Caution Inglorious to your Honour. Leave the Plan of Operation to my Care, and if I fail, unmov'd, I'll bear the Shock.

Eutopias

Eutopia's Sons are Young Gameſters, they're eaſy taken in, let them Win Six-pence, and they'll loſe a Pound: A friendly Promiſe and a gen'rous Treat work on ſome baſe Souls: There is not a Syſtem in the *Arcana* of Venality, but I have Conn'd over, and will put my Experiments in Execution upon this Clymacterical Occaſion.

Caip. My Lord *Priarius*, when ſuch Heads as thine, Conſpire devoted Ruin of a Land, not Virtue's Self, is able to bear the Shock.

Preſto. Lord *Caiphas*, your Dictates are Divine, and here I Stand a living Teſt of what you Move.

John. My Lords, my Services if in the leaſt they can contribute to your Noble Cauſe, you may relye on them to be ſolely Yours: And I Preſume to Hope they'll neither prove Abortive or Inglorious.

Perrypetto. If any Eloquence in me is found, my Duty is to Devote it to your glorious Cauſe, and in the Senate I'll Mouth it with ſuch Vigour, that my Lord ſhall ſee I act more upon Inclination, than Duty.

Sir *Arthur.* But hold my Lords, ſhall I who have a Soul ſuitable to all your Nobleſt Purpoſes, be Diſerted on the very Brink of Ruin, I was by the common Maſter of you all, Deign'd to the Office of *Compiler General*, I Purchas'd it, therefore the juſteſt Claim I have to R—y—l Sanction. Raw, and Inexperienc'd as I was, a *Fabricator* I commenc'd, at School a Booby I was ever found, could neither DRAW, ACCOMPT, except on my own Side, nor even *Spell*: So Deſtitute was I, of all the known Criteria of Liberal Education.

However, my Lords, lucky for me, my Father Dy'd before me, then I had Capacity enough to

Handle libral Sums, which I knew well how to Preſerve. But to depend upon the Prior Stock, my Prudent Uncle told me was Impolitick, he directed me to the Court to Purchaſe what I envy'd now Enjoy. But when the *Guard Domes* of the Land were committed to my Fabricating Skill, I was Fool'd by Subſtitutes, who employ'd Deputies *ad infinitum*. It's true, I learn'd Dull as I was, the Courtly Grace of Seeing no Blot till it was Hit, and the Perquiſites I own were very conſiderable. My Deputy tho' a damn'd Cunning Fellow, was overtaken in his Tricks, but I could not fall Out with him, as his Affairs and mine, bore ſo near a Connexion. Thus in a low Degree, I Ap'd my Betters, and thought to vanquiſh my Foes like them: But now the Senate have all their Eyes upon me, and Conſtitute my Down-fall and my Ruin. I'm now my Lords a Senator, and have it in my Power to be my Patron's Friend, if I'm ſecur'd the Seat I Sit on.

Ganymede. If I my Lords, have any Int'reſt in this *Auguſt* Junto, Sir *Arthur* Claims the Patronage of Power, whatever Errors he has committed, are more the Slips of Fool than Knave, I have Perus'd his Accompts, and find his Undertakers Shar'd more Spoil than he: Therefore, my Lords, 'tis plain he was Deceiv'd, and ſhould be now Protected.

Priavius. It ſhall be ſo, Sweet *Ganymede*, thy Will's my Pleaſure, and whene'er you Ask a Favour, Sue with the Common Air of Authority. I from a Boy have rais'd you to my Hand, and found you Paſſive to my Will. When firſt your Sire gave you to my Care, in thy Sweet Face I read an Epitomy of all your Goodneſs, ever

ſince

ſince, I have exalted thee, and will do more to Gall the Querulous *Eutopians*, who Hate the Ground you Stand on.

Caip. Ceaſe my Lord thoſe Minor Cares, and let's to Buſineſs ſtraight Proceed. Some *Demon* has alarm'd our Enemies, who fill the Senate now before Us.

Priarius. My Lord, the Gods have *CÆSAR*'s Care at Heart, nor dread I what thoſe Petty Patriots Mean. Wait but to hear their *Cob-web Reaſon* vanquiſh'd by my Superior Depth in Politicks, and then pronounce me Nature's *Prodigy* and *Wonder*.

Sir *Arthur.* My Lord, I am a Gentleman that never did any one Man Harm in my Life, if I injur'd the whole Nation, it is not a Penny apiece to every one in it, *Ergo*, the Loſs can't be ſo Great. You, my Lord, would not grudge a Penny, tho' Frugal, except in *Junto Treats*, when the Nation Pays the *Score*, to Portion off a Fine Girl, Crave Mercy my Lord! I ſhould Say to get a Pretty Boy a Commiſſion, Damn thoſe Girls, what put them in my Head. When I was in *Italy* my Lord, but to the Point: Let not the Reputation of my Family be diſhonour'd by the Records of the Senate. I have a Fortune, ſome Allyance, *All my Alls* are yours, if you extricate me out of thoſe Bellowing Patriots Hands.

Enter Jack, *with an Addreſs to* Dagon.

Jack. My Lord, I am ſent by Orders of the *Senate*, to lay before you the Alligations againſt Sir *Arthur Vantryp*, that you may not be Surpriz'd at the juſt Cenſure againſt ſo remarkable a *Confiſcator* of the Publick Wealth: And to

ſhew

ſhew you, how unfit he was for that Honorary and Emolumentary Office, I ſhall now Examine him before this Honourable Board. Pray Sir *Arthur*, how many Inches in a Foot Square?

Sir *Arthur*. Varlet, I was not bred a Machanick, I never wrote *Tradeſmen's Bills for Pence a Piece, I never Collected Beggars Change, I never Blew Organs, or Danc'd at Theatres or Shows, diſtreſs'd poor Fabricators, nor favour'd a Great Man for a Dinner*: I never Pimp'd for the *COACH-MAN*'s Son, nor rigl'd my ſelf into Favour by Steps of Infamy. I know my Buſineſs Theorically Sarrah, and there is a Depth in my Accompts none but a *Miniſter* ſhould Fathom, and if I am to be Examin'd, it is by the *Senate*, not by ſuch a Groveling Epitomy of Trick and low Deſign as thou art. Begone *Caitiff*, or I'll Bury my Poinyard in the Congregation of your Bowels, and Annihilate that Mimic Greatneſs lent you by the Taylor.

Jack. Every Cock is Stout on his own Dung-Hill Sir *Arthur*, your Father I own had an Eſtate, and if he had not left you one, you would never be the Man you are, I am a Gentleman, Sir, by being a Senator, I am a Scholar, Fabricator, Companion and Politician by Inſpiration. And what is all that to you Sir, were it not that I intend Scourging your Arrogance in the Face of your Country, I would let you know, with Submiſſion to this Honourable Body, that my Sword is not chain'd to my Side.

Priarius. Peace Gentlemen, two of a Trade as the Saying is, can never Agree: But Sir *Arthur*, you are a Gentleman, preſerve your Diſtinction by governing your Paſſion, and leave the reſt to me.

Sir *Arthur*.

Sir *Arthur*. Good, my Lord, I am your Devoted Slave, Draw any thing upon me but your Tongue and I'll Honour all your Draughts, while I have a Penny of my own, or the Public Money. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the* Hill.

Enter Lord Meanwell, Roger Decoverly, Tony, Richard, *and* Jack.

Roger. My Lords and Gentlemen, you See the mighty Schemes that are now preparing againſt our Country, Patriotiſm or the Love of our Country, is that Moral Principle which makes us conſider the Intereſt of our Country, more than our own: It is an Inborn Love, Superior to all other Intereſts, Paſſions, and Affections, it is the Spirit of National Liberty and Welfare, and he who is moſt Conſcious of it, is the fitteſt to Defend it, nor can any One contribute to the Support of it, who is not Perſonally Free. Perſonal Freedom, is the natural Reſult of Virtue, Courage and Reſolution: And the Effects of Reaſon, Predominant in a Breaſt Superior to Appetite and every Minor Paſſion: Freedom, is the Happineſs and Order of every well regulated Society, and every Man has a Right, as a Member of the Community to Support it, let *Court Cenſures* that attend on Patriotiſm, be never ſo Terrific.

Meanwell. The Monarch Sir, is, and ought to be like the Father of a num'rous and well-govern'd Family, his Subjects ſhould not be Servants,

vants, but Sons, their Attachments and Affections ſhould be reciprocally blended together. This, Gentlemen, was ever my Principle, and any Perſon that would endeavonr to perſwade me to the contrary, I ſhould believe him to be an Enemy to my Country, a Paraſite to his Prince, and an Incendiary between him and his People. 'Tis rare that Princes Err, but by the Inſinuations of their Tools of State, and if any of that Venal Tribe ſhould act Derogatory to the Laws of my Country, by Invading the leaſt Branch of National Liberty, I would Confront him with his Guilt before the Face of Power, tho' the Puniſhment of an Inquiſition awaited th' Adventrous Deed.

Tony. My Lord, no Man ſpeaks braver in the Cauſe of Liberty. and the Monarch that holds your Principles is the fitteſt to Reign over a *Free, Loyal, and Gen'rous People:* This is truly to Reign, how Glorious and Extenſive is the Prerogative of ſuch a Prince: He is the Head of thoſe People, who value Life no longer than it is Supported by Liberty: He is Scepter'd in the Hearts of the People, who are ready to Sacrifice all that is valuable for the Support of his Perſon, Family and Government. His Office is of a Divine Nature, he is Anointed to Rule over us, and is to exert his Power to no other View or Purpoſe, but to Promote the Felicity of his People.

Richard. Friends and Countrymen, let no Subtle Miniſter, Politician, or Stateſman, utter any Inſinuations, or raiſe Groundleſs Jealouſies between an Illuſtrious Monarch, and his People, nor never may we be Influenc'd to believe a Monarch of ſo many inimitable Virtues is invading the leaſt Branch of our Liberty, all the

Encroachments

Encroachments intended are by Venal Wretches who are Poiſoners of Royal Ears, and by their Siniſter Influence would Sap the Intereſts of a Nation to raiſe them to that Ambition, which terminates in our Ruin. May we never live to See the Day, a Court Paraſite will be able to Seduce our Prince, from his Inherent Honour and Natural Intereſt: May he ever think, that to Injure his People, is to weaken his Dominion, and Allineate the Hearts of his Subjects: May he See thro' the Subtillity of his Adviſers, and Spurn at all their Schemes.

Jack. If there be any Occaſion for me, Gentlemen, you may Command my Voice, that's all I have to give, and make any ſort of Uſe of it, or me, you think proper. If Art, is ſet againſt Art, Gentlemen, I will ſerve you theret I will tell Lies, Swear Black is White, Righ, is Rong, Rong is Right, or any thing yout pleaſe: You will find me particularly Uſeful in Bediveling that Mumpſimus Sir *Arthur*, I know *Hauney* to a Title, and will Sack him at the firſt On-ſet.

A Word in your Ear good Mr. *Richard*, now if we turn out *Vantrype*, do you Underſtand me, I have no Money to make a Purchaſe, but Zonds Sir, for the Honour of your Country. Let one Man be preſer'd that knows his Buſineſs. Fabricating is my Province, and if I'm honour'd with the Charge, and great with *Luke*, by the Lord Sir I will make *EUTOPIA* like the Garden of *Eden*. There ſhall be Nothing out of Order, but every ORDER rais'd to decorate the Land. I can curtail Bills, I know the Tricks of Undertakers, I know the Difference between a Bill from one Fabricator to another, and to my Lord. I can calculate well, and know

know the moſt ſecret Myſteries of the Fabricating Art. What *Vantrype* Would not do for 1500 l. I can do for 500 l, Demonſtration, Sir you know is the Life of Argument, if our Prince knew my Excellence, but I ſubmit that to the Senate, and to you Sir, who, whenever you lay your Shoulders to a Thing, will go through with it. Witneſs the Apothecary, Devil mend him, he affronted me once in public Company, told me of my Mother, I drew my Sword, he drew his, and gad Sir he was an unruly Fellow. and I thought he would never put it up again. But Digreſſions a part, dear Sir, the Place, I am grateful, and if ever I get my Finger in the Pye, I will build you —— no Matter for that, but a tollerable Family might lodge in it comfortably, and you ſhould never hear any Noiſe from your Agent of a *Saturday* Night. The Muſick of my Harp ſhould Call the Stones together, unknown to you Sir. —— It's a poor Job that wo'nt pay the Donor the *Firſt Fruits*.

Richard. The ſordid Soul, of this venal Wretch is unſearchable, what is he not capable of, to Bribe me at the Expence of my Country, whoſe Intereſt he ſees me ſo ſtrenuous in defending. If Penſions, Places, Honours, and Preferments were as eaſily obtain'd as the Office of a Pariſh Conſtable, This Varlet ſhould die unprovided for, and undignify'd. But, while this Counterfeiment is on Foot, I'll keep him as a Scourge to puniſh the *Gothic* Vanity of Sir *Arthur*. (*Aſide.*

I have liſten'd to you with Attention, Mr. *Jack*, Honour and Virtue are your Guides, and we have no Occaſion for any diſingenuous Arts, I am but one Man, when Things are ripe, you may make your Application.

Jack.

Jack. Bleſs your Honour Sir, you never like to make large Promiſes, but you are a ſteddy Friend upon Occaſion.

Roger. We are call'd to the Senate, and it would be an inſult upon your Honour Gentlemen to recommend the Intereſt of your Country, to you, who conſider it in ſo ſtrong a Light. Let us diſappoint the Schemes of thoſe who think to build their Fortune on our deſtruction. One and all, let's ſtand together.

Let us preſerve the Honour, we have got,
And diſconcert a *Churchman's ſubtle Plot.*

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The *Whiſpering C——ber.*

Enter PRIARIUS, DAGON *and* CAIPHAS.

Dagon. I Have ſent for you both to give you a prudent Advice, if you find *Eutopian* Intereſt ſuperior to ours, don't expoſe your ſelves to Cenſure by propoſing Schemes you cannot accompliſh. Clap Sir *Arthur* between two Fires and you'll ſee who burns moſt, he is to be protected at any Rate. My Son you are a dextrous Speecher, tell the Senate of *Roger's* great Worth, that he is now ſpent in Fatigues and Toils for the Good of his Country, and ſhould get an honourable *manumiſſion*, enobl'd with Titles, and

a

a Penſion ſuitable to this Merit, The Gudgeon may take the Bait, then *John* will fill his Place to our Satisfaction and th' Intereſt of our Cauſe.

Caiph. To me my Lord he is more formidable than all the Reſt of the Party. And were you to know how he made his Intereſt good, you'd ſpare no Pains to remove him from his Place. When firſt he came into Commiſſion, his affected Humility, and the Intereſt of his Family made JUDY above Stairs, and GENNY below hold him in profound Reſpect. The firſt and ſecond Sitting, he behav'd moſt diſintereſtedly in all Appearance, this gain'd him the Approbation of thoſe whoſe Favour he was ſtudious to obtain.

However, ſo many Emoluments attended his Place, he was able to give liberal Entertainments to all his Friends. He could quaff largely, and in time became the Minion of a numerous and powerful Party, ſo that Nothing was too arduous for him that he attempted. When the *Overſeer* came, he found ROGER's Intereſt ſo great, he was obliged to chime in with him: Thus the *Overſeer* and *Roger* ſhar'd the Roaſt, and between them had both Parties on their Side, and for Decency ſake, pretended to ſupport ſeperate Intereſts. There was an Order made for an immenſe Sum to be raiſed on the *Luxury of Side Boards*, which was to be appropriated for the Purchaſe of Charcoal to roaſt Growſe and Partridge. But the *Overſeer* or *Roger*, it is uncertain which, propoſed that his Scheme ſhould be lay'd aſide, on Account of the Inſufficiency of the Fund, No ſooner ſay'd than done, and ever ſince, the *Overſeer* and *Roger* have fill'd their Coffers by the Subverſion of this Scheme. *Roger*'s new Emoluments inabled him to Strengthen his Party, That when ever the *Overſeer* wanted a Favour, it muſt

come thro' *Roger's* Intereſt, and whenever *Roger* had a Favour to ask, he met with no Interruption. Thus the *Overſeer* and he have play'd into one another's Hands for a conſiderable Time.

Dagon. My Lord what you Advance, tho' it is a Falſhood, yet it is very neceſſary to ſpread every Thing abroad of *Roger*, that can be injurious to his Honour, He is, and muſt be what you repreſent him to be, and ſhall no longer be thought worthy of Confidence.

Nor ſhall he have the Diſpoſal of any Place, from a ſlate Porter to the firſt EXCISEMAN of the Land. Then my Lord, when his Party find the uſual Channel of Preferment ſtop'd, they will naturally bend to the Fountain of Honour, and thro' your Hands, all Recommendations to my Favour ſhall paſs.

Priarius. How comes this *Roger* ſuch a Gobling in your Eyes, the Head of Parties can no longer Support his Ground, than he can feed his Servile Adherents, and Body of me, I will diſlocate him, or *Outpot myſelf.* Let's to the Senate, Father. (*Adieu.*

SCENE II. *A private Chamber.*

DAGON, *Solus in penſive Mod.*

Enter *Ganymede.*

Ganymede. My Lord, I'm ſent by Lord *Priarius* to let you know, that Sir *Arthur* is almoſt flay'd alive, there is the Devil and all ſwore againſt him, they have not left him a Word, and his Eyes are ready to fly out of their Sockets. Indeed my Lord without the Interpoſition of your Intereſt, and Weight, he will go to pot as the ſaying is. *Roger* ſupports his Ground, and *Tony* makes

makes no more of Lord *Priarius*, than an Hawk does of a Sparrow. *Perrypetto* has been three Times ſilenc'd by *Tony* and *Richard*, in ſhort my Lord, they are Dragooning one another, you never ſaw the like.

And poor *Vantrype* expects to be kick'd out of Doors every Moment.

Dagon. The Senate by this Time is broke up, fly with the Expedition of *Mercury*, and tell *Roger* I have Buſineſs of Importance with him.

[Exit *Ganymede*.

Dagon Solus.

Dagon, I muſt make a Truce with *Roger*, or all my Schemes will fall to the Ground.

Enter *Roger*.

Roger. The ſudden and unexpected Meſſage from your Lordſhip, fill'd me with Apprehenſions of your indiſpoſition.

Dagon. No Sir, but one Favour I've to ask, and hope you'll not refuſe me.

Roger. My Lord, any Thing wherein my Country's not concern'd you may command.

Dagon. Why Sir, poor *Vantrype* as he is a Gentleman, and one of my Lords Servants, I ſhould requeſt you would be lenient, and not kick him out of Doors This Sitting ſo ignominiouſly, as your Friends propoſe, if he has play'd the Rogue through wilful Ignorance, I will ſubmit him to the juſt Reſentment of the Senate.

Roger, Why my Lord, if you wait for Facts, they are already prov'd, and if *EUTOPIA* is to be impoſed on, it's a Matter of Indifference whether by a Fool or Knave, nay to chuſe by the latter, becauſe he who injures a Country one Time, if he has ingenuity may ſerve it another, which is never expected from Sir *Arthur*'s *Gothic* Wit. But on your Lordſhip's Account, all

Matters ſhall be ſuſpended for the preſent, and I hold your Promiſe a ſacred Pledge for the Security of the Nation againſt the Impoſitions of Sir *Arthur*. Am my Lord. [Exit *Roger*.

SCENE III.

Changes to the Green Room.

Enter *Priarius*, *Caiphas*, *John* and *Dagon* Trumpets ſounding.

Priarius. What mean the Clangor of thoſe Harbingers of War.

Caiphas. Lord *Dagon*'s coming, my Lord, to hear what News.

Dagon. Well my Friends *Ganymede* was here, and brought but triſul Tidings about Sir *Arthur* ſent for Roger, and have gained over him ſo far, that the Matter reſts where it is this ſitting, and I believe you may diſpair of Conqueſt in every other Scheme propos'd.

Priarius. 'Tis true my Lord, the Spirit of the *Eutopians* was on its higheſt Mettle, and *Tony* is an Oracle among them, and the Diſconcerter of all my labour'd Schemes. But one Experiment I'll try, to cool the Fermentation of their Blood, There is *Round Gut* a Friend of *Roger*'s and *Juſtice Tiny* a Friend to EUTOPIA. I'll ſtop the Payment of their ——

Caiphas. I take you my Lord, that no Doubt may Electry them, and ſhew the Petty Sons of Liberty what they have to depend on.

Priarius. Fly *Ganymede*, command the Keeper of the *royal Pictures* not to give a ſingle Effegy of my Lord, to *Round Gut* or Juſtice, *Tiny* without my Orders. We'll wait the Effect, and bring what News you can. [Exit *Ganymede*

John

John. Some good or evil Omen awaits this Deed and to own the Truth, I am ſuperſtitious enough to dread the Conſequence.

SCENE IV. Changes to the *Junto Room.*

Enter *Perrypetto*, *Priarius*, *Dagon* and *Caiphas.*

Perrypetto. My Lord *Priarius*, the moſt impolitick Step you ever took was your Orders to the Keeper of the Royal Pictures.

Caip. Prithy *Perrypetto*, what ſay the Town?

Per. Why my Lord, they ſay you ſhew'd your Teeth, tho' you cou'd not bite, that by the next Poſt you'll hear more of it, and to own the Truth, it was a raſh Action to exert a Power that could not be ſupported. The Outcries of the People are againſtus, and my Lord *Priarius*, no Hydra was ever more dreaded, and more deteſted by the Populace than you are. Your Chariot as it goes along is loaded with th' Imprications of an inrag'd Populace, and all our Parties equally abhor'd.

Priarius. Well, one Thing we can, and will do, Sir *Arthur* ſhall ſell his Right of compiling, and that he might not ſell it diſadvantageouſly as Matters are now imbroil'd, there ſhall be Perquiſites granted to the Place never allowed before. The Sallery ſhall be augmented, and a Superintendant in Commiſſion to make the Place *a fine Cure.*

Perrypetto. This you may do my Lord, nay more if your noble Father will agree to it.

Priarius. B'tween you and I, [whiſpering *Perrypetto.*] my Father is an old Man now fitter for *a Cradle* than any Thing elſe, he has juſt Senſe enough to know that I am fit to govern, and he ſubmits all Things to my Adminiſtration.

Perrypetto.

Perrypetto. Conſider then my Lord, that the fiery Sons of Liberty have addreſs'd my Lord to our Diſadvantage, clap your Thumb on that, and you may repreſent thoſe Sons of Tumult to my Lord in whatever Light you think moſt ſuitable to our Purpoſe. Such a Remonſtrance as you are capable of laying before my Lord, would induce him to give Orders againſt the next Meeting that would ſhake the proudeſt Turrets of EUTOPIA, and humble thoſe Lords of Liberty.

Let it not be ſay'd that the wild Faction of adependent Country, ſhould vanquiſh the Spirit of our Hoſt, we are *Pontius Pilate*'s Guards, and will crucify our Opponents.

Priarius. Our Names ſhall be terrific to the Land, whoſe proudeſt Heads ſhall bow in paſſive Adoration to my Friend Lord *Caiphas*, and e'er we Smile upon their guilty Sons.

They ſhall confeſs with Tears our ſovereign Sway,
And all our Edicts piouſly obey.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the* Hill.

Enter Lord *Meanwell*, *Roger*, *Tony*, *Richard* and *Jack*.

Tony, So far my Lord *Meanwell*, we have diſappointed the Enemies of our Country, and I ſhall ever think, there is no ſufficient Security for the Liberties of a Nation while any *Criminal* can be ſcreen'd from the Reſentment of an injur'd and abus'd Country. And if there is not a Ballance ſupported on the Repreſentatives of the People's Side againſt the deſigning Tricks of Court Politicians, the Conſtitution can never flouriſh.

The

The Guard of Liberty ſhould be in the Hands of thoſe Repreſentatives who have the greateſt Properties in the Land, who ſhould carefully watch that no Innovations ſhould be introduc'd. Such Repreſentatives ſhould have a Privilege of cenſuring the Conduct of the higheſt Heads, for any arbitrary or illegal Proceedings. The Guard of Liberty ſhould be committed to thoſe who are bleſſed with Virtue and Fortitude of Spirit to enquire into the Conduct of their Rulers, and ſhould have Pow'r ſufficient to defeat the ſtrongeſt *League* that could be form'd for the Subverſion of our Liberties. This Privilege might be juſtly ſtil'd. *Arx et columen Libertatis.*

Roger. Depriving Subjects of the Liberty of accuſing Rulers, is to prohibit the Laws from being duly executed, or having their neceſſary and indiſpenſible Force in a free Country, and ſuch prohibition, ſhould be ſuſpicious to the Sons of Liberty. If it was diſhonourable to ACCUSE, why have all wiſe Nations cheriſh'd honour'd and encourag'd with Rewards thoſe who accus'd the Invaders on the Rights of the People, and publick Offenders in the State, at *Rome*, ſuch Men were held in the higheſt reſpect, Such noble ſpirited Perſonages with Submiſſion to his Modeſty, as Lord *Meanwell*, were look'd upon as the Supporters of the Laws, and Guardians of the common Weal. The greateſt Men firſt made a Figure in *Rome* by the Proſecution of ſome eminent DELINQUENT. Nor did the greateſt Heroes, ſuch as SCIPIO CATO and others, think it ignominious, but rather honourable, to detect the venality and partial Adminiſtration of thoſe in Power.

Lord *Meanwell.* The Laws will always have their due Weight and Authority, while they are defended by Patrons of their Country, whoſe Rank

and

and dignity of Mind, diſpiſe the Frowns of Courts in Competition with the national Welfare.

Richard. My Lord it is a known Maxim, that *good Laws make good* Men, *and good Men defend good Laws*, and are both a mutual Defence to each other.

Nothing can contribute more to the Support of our Conſtitution upon its original Baſis, than Men of ſuperior Virtue and Merit, who by a laudable Example give an Influence and Authority to the Laws, and who are able to oppoſe with Vigour and Reſolution all Innovations and Encroachments upon the meaneſt Branch of our Liberties.

Machiaval ſays, that great Dangers and violent Extremities, often rectify and recover a Conſtitution of Government tending towards Corruption, and introduces the ſacking of ROME by the *GAULS* as an Example: To ſuffer any Encroachments on our Liberties, is the higheſt Crime, tho' we live under the beſt of PRINCES, who is a MOSES to all his Subjects, a *Prince* who knows no Intereſt but in the Happineſs and Welfare of his People, and whoſe *Life* is ſo dear to us, for our own, and the Preſervation of Europe.

But ſince no Virtue, nor pitch of Glory can exempt a Monarch from the Impoſitions of deſigning Rulers, and Junto Combinations, we ought not to make the leaſt Conceſſions in his Reign, which might be prejudicial to us in the Reign of any Prince of leſs exalted Virtues. And indeed, it is impoſſible if he was permitted to act upon his own Principles, and the Regard he owes a dutiful loyal People, that he would be in the leaſt offended at our guarding againſt the Art and Deſign of the greateſt *Subſtitute.*

Paſſive Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance to tyrannical Rulers, is a Violation upon human Nature,

ture, nor can any gen'rous Breaſt conceive, how abſolute Rulers can think an injur'd Subject is under an obligation of Obedience to them againſt the Intereſt of his Country, ſuch Servility would renounce a Man deſtitute of Reaſon and human Nature, and he who can ſell the Intereſt of his Country for any private Advantage, would for a Reward murder his fellow Subjects, if he could do it with equal Impunity. For Men may as well be ſtab'd in the Dark, as depriv'd of the Means of Life.

Jack. By Gad, they talk learnedly, wiſh I were a Scholar now, ſhall I put in a Word? (*Aſide.*

Gentlemen, have you any Occaſion for me, it grieves me I can't mix in Diſcourſe with you, but if you were talking of *Menſuration*, or any Branch of geometrical Proportion by Gad I could have at you, I could tell how many Minutes ſince the Birth of Chriſt, and how many Inches from this very Spot, to grand *Cairo*.

But I don't underſtand Policy in any thing but *Fabricating*, you Saw Gentlemen, what a Devil I made of *Vantrype*? That *Priarius*, damn him, he is a knowing Fellow, he thinks to Bully the whole Kingdom: The Fellow Talks well, Stands well, and could Look the Devil out of Countenance, *Caiphas* lead him Abroad among the *Jeſuites*, I believe, Curſe him, I wiſh he were on our Side, I could Love him then, but the Dog has a View in every Word he ſays, I hope *Tony* has Philoſophy enough to out Logic him, he did take him up Smartly, and unravel'd all his Harangues, *Tony* for ever, ſays I in my ſelf, blood how glad I was when *Roger* Spoke to him, and ſay'd, he was not tyr'd in the Service of his Country, how Silly *Priarius* look'de then, and when Mr. *Tony* lay'd him on his

his Back, I thought I'd have jump'd out of my Skin, while the *Starter of the Race Horſes* was like to Bite off his Finger Ends.

I have no Petty Views, ſays *Priarius*, no Sir, ſays I to my ſelf, your Views are very Great. But dear Mr. *Richard* don't forget the Place, Grave Mercy, I ſhould remember you never make large Promiſes. *Adieu Gentlemen.*

But hold, as I never have a Dinner of my own, may I Dine with any of the *Junto*: Damn my Blood if I Betray you, no, no, I'll never change Sides, while I have any Expectations. [*Aſide.*

Richard. Yes, *Jack*, you may Dine indifferently where you like, that Matter is none of our Care, but by the Way, bring us all the Intelligence you can.

Jack. Zounds Sir, I ſhall think my ſelf happy in the Diſcharge of your Commands. I will truſt my ſelf into all Companies, I will Metamorphoſe my ſelf into a Skip, nor do I think I'd ill become it, I will Sit with Gentlemens Gentlemen, Court Ladies Maids, Fathom their Secrets, and the Chat of the Table: I will Drink in Porter Houſes, ſo I can Scrape any Intelligence for my Friends.

Richard. This Dog may be of Uſe, if a Bribe does not catch him, he betray'd his Maſter once, but he'll be afraid to ſerve us ſo, becauſe the Fellow's a damn'd Coward, and he knows I'd puniſh his Infidelity.

Roger. Gentlemen, once more, I beg your Attention.

If we conſider the great Prerogatives of a Prince, in Point of the Diſtribution of ſo many *Places in the State, Army, Revenue, Law, Religion and Navy, not to conſider the unneceſſary Creation*

of

of Penſions to Feed the Venality of Court Cadets, it is not to be admir'd that thoſe Catter-Pillers of the Court, make ſuch a formidable Head againſt Liberty. Any one who conſiders this, muſt own that we cannot be too watchful on the Court Party, and if we take a Retroſpective View of a former Adminiſtration, when the *Colour of Affection* held the Reins, when we were brought to the very Brink of Ruin, and were it not for one Single Voice, we might Breath our laſt Gaſp of Liberty, and our Deliverance can be owing to nothing, but the immediate Interpoſition of Providence, that determines all the Portions of Matter to their proper Centres.

Thus have we ſav'd a Loyal Sinking State,
Preſerv'd by Patriots eminently *Great*.

ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Hill.*

The SCENE *Opens and diſcovers* Caiphas *Solus.*

Caip. YE Gods! What Heavineſs now hangs upon me: My Friends are gone, and left me where they found me, amidſt the Clamours of an Inrag'd Multitude, beſpattering the Glories of my Name. The Ladies ſhun me as common *Peſt*, and make me hidious with their Stories: This *Ganymede* has alarm'd the Nation, and now is become the common Theme of Ballads, curſe this Ambitious Graſp at Power, was I not

I not Great enough to be content with ſuch exalted Honours, but I muſt Vie to Lord it o'er the Land, However ſince I've gone ſuch lengths, to give up, would enrage my Friends againſt me, whoſe Intereſt's ſo connected with my own.

Enter John.

John. My Lord, your moſt Obſequious.

Caiphas. Well Friend *John*, you ſee the Cards are all againſt us: Who would expect we'd have ſo few Trumps?

John. It's well it's no worſe my Lord, as for my part, I'm very eaſy about the Matter, what *will be, muſt be*, and *Horace* ſays.

Livius fit patientiâ, quiquid Corrigere eſt nefas.

Enters a Courier *with a Paquet to* Caiphas, *from Lord* Priarius, Jack *in a Livery* of *Perrypetto's at his Heels, with pretended Compliments to* Caiphas, *waits at the Chamber Door to hear the Paquet Read.*

Trip the Courier. I came my Lord, from my Maſter *Priarius*, who bade me give this Pacquet in your Hands.

Caiphas. Go *Trip* to the Butler, he'll take care of you, while I Peruſe your Charge. Friend *John* let's hear th' Important News. [*Reads.*

My Lord.

AT our Arrival we play'd our Cards with ſuch wond'rous Skill, collected our Forces with ſuch Induſtry, and ſucceeded ſo well in Repreſentations, that we have no reaſon to doubt Succeſs when we ſee your next.

Every

Every thing is kept from my Lord's Ear that might prejudice him in Favour of Eutopia, *and he conceives high Diſpleaſure at their Proceedings, and will abſolutely alter the Situation of Affairs to your intire Satisfaction: I have aſſur'd him of your Attachment, and his Favour you may ſecurely relye on.*

I am, my Lord, &c.

John. Thanks Gracious Heav'n for this new Smile of Fortune, no longer we'll be *wou'd-be Baſhaws* of the Land, and inſtead of the Shadow we were graping at, we'll now Enjoy the Subſtance to Gall our Foes. [*Sings.*

Now Courtly Smiles diſpell our Cares,
And Guild our Hopes with Joy,
No longer Sour'd by vain Fears,
Our Quiet to Annoy,
Thro' all the Nation now we'll Ride,
With Conquering Pow'r on our Side.
With a Fol, Lol, &c.

SCENE II. *Changes to* Mount Caſſels.

Lord Meanwell, *in a Chamber Solus.*

Enter Roger, *and* Tony, *followed by* Jack *out of Breath.*

Jack. Zounds Gentlemen, I ask Pardon for this Intruſion, Dam'n me, I'm a lucky Fellow, and ſhould be done for.

Tony. What's the News Jack.

Jack.

Jack. Why, why, why, Sir, I'll tell you my Lord, a Glaſs of Sack, Gad my Spirits are like the Strings of a Fiddle, they're ſo high Brac'd they muſt be Rozen'd. [*Bell Rings.*

Enter Servant with the Sack.

Why Mr. *Tony* this Morning Early, I was Inform'd a Courier had arriv'd from Lord *Priarius*, to Lord *Caiphas*, and you muſt know *Perrypetto*'s Taylor Works for me. I Borrow'd a Suit of his Livery, clap'd a Black Patch on my left Eye, and away to Lord *Caiphas*'s with me. I had not ſtood long at the Gate before I ſpy'd *Trip*, Lord *Priarius*'s Man coming up in huge Haſte, I made way for him, and he knock'd like a Devil, he got in, I follow'd him, he told the Porter he muſt See my Lord, I ſaid I had an Important Meſſage to him from my Maſter, in *Trip* goes to my Lord, I purſu'd him to the Parlor Door, and heard him give up his Charge to Lord *Caiphas*, and who the Devil ſhould be there but *John*.

Roger. What if *Caiphas* had Seen you?

Jack. Why Sir, I came with *Perrypetto*'s Compliments to him, and all was well.

Lord *Meanwell.* I'm Impatient to hear the News: Proceed *Jack*.

Jack. Why, Lord *Caiphas* Read, that *Priarius* had bely'd us to his Lord, that he made him Angry with us, and that again the next Sitting they'd carry all before them, and Be-divil *Eutopia*: At the News, *John* began to Skip and Sing about, merrily, I turn'd about, deliverd my Meſſage to the Porter, ſay'd I was in Haſte, Flew with the Wings of *Mercury* to the Taylors, reaſſum'd my ſelf, and here I am, my Lord.

Roger.

Roger. So, ſo, *Caiphas* and *John*, were together. You ſee my Friends what we have to truſt to. The Machinations of this Venal Tribe, we muſt guard againſt immediately: Their Favour to *Vantrype* againſt the Order of the Senate, and *Dagons* breaking his Word with me, was ſufficient to alarm us.

Tony. My Lord *Meanwell* for you I would reſerve the Glory of being the *Deliverer* of your Country, your Weight, your Dignity, beſt Suit the Glorious Task, preſent the Caſe of injur'd *Eutopia* to his Lordſhip's Hand, and try our Int'reſt at the Helm, if we Fail, we know then what to Truſt to.

Lord *Meanwell.* You do me too much Honour Sir in this great Commiſſion, and to ſhew my Country how far I'd go to ſerve her, I'll Glory in being her Embaſſador, and leaſt any one ſhould ſhare Diſpleaſure in this Bold Attempt, I'll ſtand the awful Shock alone.

Roger. Loſe no time my Lord, and may the Guardian Gods of Liberty proſper your noble Enterprize.

Lord *Meanwell.* Farewell my Friends,
Now e'er I reſt in Quietude of Mind.
I'll brave the Int'reſt of the Stateſman kind.

Tony. Fare well my Lord, may Proſperity Crown your Hopes, and make you the *Guſtavus* of the Land.

Jack. Heavens bleſs you my Lord, I will pray for you every Hour till you return, and that's more than I'd do for my ſelf. The Devils in't if I don't come to ſomething among you.

[*Aſide.*

Enter

Enter Richard.

Richard. My Friends, there's ſhocking News arriv'd.

Jack. O Begad Sir, they know it all, I was the Corn Cutter that brought the News, and Lord *Meanwell* is gone to *Dagon's* Maſter, to Electrify the Dogs.

Richard. Why *Jack*, your'e a very neceſſary Friend, I ſaw Lord *Meanwell*, who told me o your Guile. f

Jack. Don't I deſerve ſomething now, well, I'll never go to Hell for the Sin of Diſpairing.
For I now Hope to ſee the Day,
That I will bear no Trifling Sway,
And drive Sir *Arthur* quite away,
Over the Hills and far away.

SCENE III. Green Room.

Enter Equity, Caiphas, Roger, John, Richard, Tony, *Lord* Meanwell, *and* Jack.

Equity. My Lords and Gentlemen, I am order'd by my Maſter to lay before you a Paper preſented to him by Lord *Manewell*, and I'm to ſend your Opinions on that Head.

Reads the Paper.

Caiphas, Its Falſe.

John. Extravigantly Falſe.

Tony. It is literally True.

Richard. There's not a falſe Aſſertion in it.

Jack Dam'me I'll take my Oath every Word of it is True.

Lord

Lord *Meanell.* I was the Bearer of this Paper, and will prove the Veracity of it, and any Venal Wretch that ſays I utter'd a Falſehood, is a Mirror of untruth, and a Betrayer of his Country. What I've deliver'd, I'll Support before the Senate to the Confuſion of my Foes.

Equity. My Lords and Gentlemen, let not the Rancour of a Factious Spirit, Poiſon ſuch gen'rous Minds, you ſeem to carry Matters to extremes, *Power*, is *Power*, which you'll perceive on the Peruſal of theſe two Letters I'm order'd to lay before you, one from *Dagon's* Maſter, the other from *Dagon* himſelf.

Tony. Reads them.

Roger. 'Tis plain to every Vulgar Eye, what thoſe Epiſtles portend, *Dagon* muſt be Obey'd, without any Reſtrictions, and whoever Oppoſes his Meaſures, becomes Obnoxious to the Frowns of Power, nay worſe than Frowns, *Dagon* threatens the Sons of Liberty in plain Terms, no doubt he intends if things don't go Swimmingly on with him, to turn us out of our Father's Houſe, what then? Is it not Ours by Right of Inheritance, and who can keep Poſſeſſion from us. I gave him a Friendly Advice, and I'd have him ſtick to it.

Equity. Lord *Dagon* has no Deſign upon your Freedom or National Liberty, here is his expreſs Declarrtion under his Hand —— [*Reads it.* Does he not Promiſe you all you could in reaſon Aſk, ſhould not then this Turbulent Faction Subſide.

Tony. Timeo Denaos et Dona ferentes. I dread Court Policy when it ſeems moſt Favourable, and tho' the Storm's Politically lay'd, yet we ſhould be equally on our Guard: And prove th' Aſſerters of our Country's Wrongs.

Equity. *Tamewell* can give you further Proofs of Lord *Dagon's* Intentions to ſerve *Eutopia.*

Roger. Why is this ſame Mr. *Tamewell.*

Tony. Who 'tis Jack the Jew, that was ſo many Years petitioning *Dagon* and the reſt of the Overſeers to be an Exciſeman. A Catiff that dip'd in every villainous Job to gain Preferment. He's now become State Auctineer, and would peep under a Ladies Hoop, if he thought ſhe had any Thing that was not fairly enter'd. He is a petty Baſhaw on his own Demeſne, and terrifick to all poor Mortals in ſubordination to him, in ſhort he's a Man whoſe Heart and Mind never yet created him a ſincere Friend and if ever he did a good Turn, it was either with a View, or through an inconſiſtant Caprice of his Temper. *Surly* the traducing Parſon is a Pet of his, becauſe he's an immoral Raſcal proſcrib'd by *Minerva* and all her Sons, and deteſted by half the Nation. This ſame Exciſeman has a Trick of giving Reports of Men he dare not confront them with, and would go into the Backſide of a Miniſter to raiſe himſelf. He purloin'd a Piece of *Meanwell's* Farm, and ſome ſay, if he was ſtrip'd of all his ill-got Plumes, he'd be as naked as a ſcald Crow. But happy the Man whoſe Father goes to Hell to raiſe his Childrens Fortune.

Roger. You have painted him ſo juſtly Sir, the Portrait ſpakes the Man. However he's a bad Subject, what think you of Equity.

Tony. Why, that if he had not been partial upon this Occaſion, he would depart this Life with a moſt unblemiſh'd Character. Let's ſummon all our Force, and meet this collected Storm with manly Virtue and Reſolution.

Tho'

Lord *Meanwell*.

Tho' in the Graſs ten Thouſand Serpents lay,
Our Country and our Freedom to betray,
Eutopia ſtill ſhall ſpurn the venal Breed,
Nor reſt contented till her Sons are Freed.
No Church-man e'er to them ſhall dictate Laws,
We'll ſtand unſhaken in our Country's Cauſe,
And bid Defiance to all State Baſhaws.

☞ The Second Part of this Farce will be publiſh'd after the Criſis.

EPILOGUE.

THE Farce is o'er, and now for
Application,
Which if you like, pray give your Ap-
probation,
Tho' one Plot has been diſconcerted
here,
Methinks another's Hatching to ap-
pear.
And if the Poet gains the leaſt Ap-
plauſe,
He'll Sing bold Truths in Fam'd Eu-
topia's *Cauſe,*
If in his Farce no Taſte nor Art is
found,
The Tale is True, and all his Doc-
trine Sound,
Tho' Venal Sons an Hiſſing Faction
make,
A Fool can Hiſs as well as any Snake,
And I am told, a Gooſe, once gain'd
RENOWN,
In being the Inſtrument to Save a
TOWN.*

* *The Gooſe on the Capital.*